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The Eversley Shakespeare

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



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TORONTO

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,	}	triumvirs
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS	}	friends to Antony.
DOMITIUS ENOBARDUS,		
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECENAS,	}	friends to Cæsar
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	friends to Pompey.
MENAS,		
MENEGRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, lieutenant general to Cæsar		
CANIDIUS lieutenant general to Antony		
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army		
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.		
ALEXAS,	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
MARDIAN a Eunuch,		
SELEUCUS		
DIOMEDES,		
A Soothsayer		
A Clown		

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony
CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS, }

Officers Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *In several parts of the Roman empire.*

Antony and Cleopatra

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Twelve days with intervals

- Day 1. I. 1.-4.
Interval.
,, 2. I 5. ; II 1.-3.
,, 3. II. 4
Interval.
,, 4. II 5.-7.
[III. 3.] Interval?
,, 5. III. 1., 2.
Interval.
,, 6. III. 4., 5.
Interval
,, 7. III. 6.
Interval.
,, 8. III. 7.
,, 9. III. 8-10.
Interval.
,, 10. III. 11.-13. ; IV. 1.-3.
,, 11. IV. 4.-9.
,, 12. IV. 10-15. ; V.

Historic Time.—From about 40 B.C. (the death of Fulvia. I. 2.) to 30 B.C. (the death of Cleopatra).

INTRODUCTION

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA was first published in the Folio of 1623, as the last but one in order of the 'Tragedies.' It is included in the list of plays entered in the Stationers' Register, in the same year, as 'not formerly entered to any man.' It is likely, nevertheless, that a play issued with the same title by the same publisher, Blount, on May 20, 1608, was Shakespeare's tragedy.

This conjectural inference is the sole scrap of external evidence we possess for the date of the play. But it is in excellent accord with the internal evidence of style, verse, and dramatic treatment. In conception, *Antony and Cleopatra* has most affinity, among the greater tragedies, with *Macbeth*, which probably appeared in the previous year. Its versification, on the other hand, is already touched with the symptoms of his latest manner; the obtrusive symmetries of lyrical verse are flung aside or broken up more decisively than ever before. Rhyme all but vanishes, and we meet practically for the first time with the complete disregard of verse-structure in the distribution of pauses; in particular, with the weak monosyllable at the end of the line, known as a 'weak ending.'¹ A speech like the following occurs in no previous play:—

¹ There are twenty-eight 'weak endings' in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Antony and Cleopatra

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing or a little, I
 Should say myself offended, and with you
 Chiefly i' the world ; more laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
 It not concern'd me. (ii. 2. 30-35.)

One may detect in the bold yet effective poising of such verses as these another phase of that 'happy valiancy'¹ which Coleridge detected in the style of this play. In all these points *Antony and Cleopatra* stands in the sharpest contrast with *Julius Cæsar*, which it ostensibly continues, and in close relation to *Coriolanus*, remote as its imperial theme lies, historically, from the parochial conflicts of the early republic. Brutus and the earlier Antony are admirably heightened reproductions of their prototypes in Plutarch, and the whole ethical tone and feeling of the play reflects that of the *Lives* : the later Antony, though founded upon Plutarch's hints, is a supreme poetical creation, Shakespearean and unique as Hamlet himself.

Earlier and
later Dramas
on the Story.

Like the story of Cæsar, that of Antony had early attracted the more scholarly dramatists of modern Europe. Cleopatra shared with Dido, Sophonisba, Antigone, the first honours of the Italian stage ; the classicists of the French Pléiade applauded the *Cleopâtre Captive* of Jodelle and the *Marc-Antoine* of Garnier. In England, too, it was among the sparse cultivators of an academic drama that the subject first found favour : Sidney's sister translated Garnier's *Marc-Antoine* ; Samuel Daniel wrote a *Cleopatra* to match (1594). Neither had, apparently, the slightest influence upon Shakespeare. Later English dramatists, on the other hand, even when dealing with other

¹ '*Felicitæ audax* is the motto works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared that of Shakespeare's other with those of other poets.'

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phases of Cleopatra's story, wrote obviously under his spell. Fletcher in *The False One* (on her *amour* with Julius Cæsar) draws the trail of his coarser fancy over the Cleopatra of Shakespeare. Dryden, half a century later, produced, under the stimulus of rivalry, the best that he was capable of, in his *All for Love* (1678).

In Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius* Shakespeare found the story of Antony and Cleopatra told with great literary art and a realism which loses nothing in the hands of his translators, Amyot and North. Plutarch's grandfather was Antony's contemporary, and tales of the miseries of Greek provincials and of the fabulous profusion of Egypt were still current in his family.¹ Few men of his day were better fitted than this thoughtful Greek observer of the Roman world to portray the tragic collapse of Roman nerve and stamina in the arms of the Greek enchantress on the throne of Egypt. The subject also suited his taste for strongly marked ethical light and shade. It resembled a kind of political 'Choice of Hercules,' where Antony, unlike his fabled ancestor, preferred Pleasure to Virtue. Plutarch, however, throws the full burden of the tragic issue upon Cleopatra. It is in these solemn words that he introduces the final phase of his career; '*Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before.*'

This Plutarchian conception Shakespeare entirely adopted, together with almost all the detail in which it is worked out. It fell in with the disposition

¹ Cf. North's translation in *Shakspeare's Library*, iii. pp. 346, 397.

The Source
of the Plot.
Plutarch's
Life of
Antony.

Antony and Cleopatra

apparent in the dramas of the preceding years,—in *Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Macbeth*,—to connect tragic ruin with the intervention of a woman. Plutarch's Cleopatra was already an assemblage of all that is fatal in womanhood. With the wit, grace, and courtesan coquetry of Cressida she combined the sagacious craft of Lady Macbeth and the tigress cruelty of Regan. Shakespeare adds no single trait, but he makes the whole tingle with vitality and throb with beauty. Plutarch sounds the notes of her complex nature one by one, with sober precision and *doctrinaire* emphasis; Shakespeare flings them off in an amazing scherzo of inexhaustible fascination and surprise. Plutarch's Cleopatra has as many moods, but it is only in Shakespeare's that they flash in and out with the chameleon-like swiftness which extorts from the caustic Enobarbus his famous tribute to the undoer of his lord: 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.' Entire scenes are evolved out of a matter-of-fact statement, or a merely implicit situation. Cleopatra's frenzy at the news of Antony's marriage (ii. 5.) is an admirable imagination of Shakespeare's own; and her wonderful half-real, half-acted penitence after deserting him at Actium (iii. 11. 25th l.), is built upon these simple words: [when Antony came on board] '*he saw her not at his first coming, nor she him, but went and sat down alone in the prow of his ship and said never a word, clapping his head between both his hands. . . . But when he arrived at the head of Taneris, there Cleopatra's women first brought Antonius and Cleopatra to speak together.*' In Shakespeare we see Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras where Antony sits in his despair.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

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Antony breaks into a wild cry as he remembers his ancient prowess and Octavius's:—

Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ;

yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me : O !

Supported by them she falls before him ; and a 'Pardon, pardon !' exquisitely uttered, with wet eyes, twice or thrice, suffices to change his delirious despair into a rapture of lyric passion :—

Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost.

The reconciliation is more pathetic than the wrath. Shakespeare has communicated a subtle flavour of artifice to Cleopatra's serious moods. He also hints the background of passion in her skittish ones. Plutarch describes, among other 'foolish sports,' which '*it were too fond a part of me to reckon up,*' how Cleopatra played a trick upon Antony 'when he went to angle for fish,' by commanding one of her men '*to dive under water . . . and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait. . . . When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing.*' Thus crudely obtruded, this farcical incident would have endangered the dignity of Antony : Shakespeare allows us to see it only mellowed by half-pathetic reminiscence ; and its memory is effaced the next moment by her outburst of wild eagerness at the arrival of news from him :—

Antony and Cleopatra

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your dived
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times !—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy !
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren ! . . . (ii. 5.)

In the final catastrophe the Shakespearean Cleopatra preserves more completely than Plutarch's this finely-tempered mixture of coquetry and love. When Antony is brought to her monument to die (iv. 15.), her grief finds vent in moving hyperboles, but she does not rend her garments, or her face; nor does she, when visited by Cæsar, receive him '*Naked in her smock, with her hair plucked from her head, her voice small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbing, and moreover . . . the most part of her stomach torn in sunder.*'¹ These were the signs of a grief, not deeper, perhaps, but certainly less concerned with its own dignity of pose and artistic effect than hers. Plutarch's Cleopatra dies in her royal robes; but there is no further hint than this of the Shakespearean Cleopatra's superb dying speech,—with its lightning interchanges of passion, pathos, theatrical self-consciousness, and malicious triumph. Her 'immortal longings' prompt her to die with the utmost spectacular *éclat*. She tingles with exultation at dying nobly 'in the high Roman fashion,' at so little inconvenience, and her thought flies at once to Antony's applause and Cæsar's baffled rage. She renounces the flesh, she feels herself all 'fire and air,' and a few moments later she is snatching the

¹ North, *u.s.*, p. 412.

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deadly asp to her arm in jealous frenzy, lest her dead waiting-woman should receive Antony's first kiss, 'which is my heaven to have,' in the Elysian fields.

The tragic interest, however, evidently centres not Antony. in Cleopatra, but in the victim of her 'strong toil of grace.' In tracing the operation of her spell upon Antony, Shakespeare on the whole follows Plutarch's facts as far as they go; but he interprets and expands them in the light of his own finer psychology and humaner ethics. Some coarser and duller touches in both characters he effaces. The hoyden disappears in her;¹ the vulgar debauchee, the sour misanthrope, and the gull, in him. In her most wilful and wanton moods she is still the queen; and Antony, revelling or raging, blindly rushing on his fate or desperately succumbing to it, is still the great-hearted man of genius. His subjection to Cleopatra is even more absolute in proportion as it acts through subtler and more complicated sources of attraction. It is just as fatal to his judgment and, for a moment, to his instinct of military honour. His fatuous decision to 'fight at sea,' and his unmanly flight in the train of Cleopatra and her fugitive galleys, seal his fate as surely in the play as in the history; and Shakespeare exposes them, through the mouth of Enobarbus, as incisively as Plutarch. But for Plutarch the whole relation of Antony to Cleopatra, and indeed of lovers in general, is typified in this fatuous oblivion of his better self. *'There Antonius showed plainly,'* he indignantly comments, *that he . . . was not his own*

¹ 'And sometime also when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra

would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that sometimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows' (North, *u.s.*, p. 348).

Antony and Cleopatra

man; (*proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own*) he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued to her.' But for Shakespeare this rough-and-ready analysis of the love-spell was clearly inadequate. Enobarbus himself allows that the 'diminution in our captain's brain restores his heart' (iii. 13. 198); and if we add that the heart in its turn reacted upon the brain, the wonderful Fourth Act may be called an expansion of those closing words of the Third. The entire Act, with its swift changes of scene and mood, its superb alternations of rapture, despair, glory, rage, forgiveness, and farewell, represents some two pages of plain prose narrative. Regarded as a contribution to the action these fifteen scenes are certainly disproportionate. The land-fight which Antony wins (iv. 7.-9.) and the sea-fight which he loses (iv. 10.-12.) do not change the issue already decided at Actium. But these oscillations of the outward plot open new and wonderful glimpses into the being of Antony and Cleopatra themselves. The sense of impending doom calls out the finer elements of them both. Antony is no longer the effeminate fugitive, but the idolised chieftain, whose hinted foreboding of the end—

Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow,

'turns his men to women'; Cleopatra forgets at moments the caprices of the courtesan, arms her lord for battle, and welcomes him home like a wife:

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. . . .

'My nightingale,' he greets her, 'we have beat them to their beds.' The second desertion of her ships (iv. 12.) to Cæsar gives him once more 'savage cause' for

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rage; but his fury, though it still outroars the horned herd, has the poignancy of a dying cry, and gives way at moments, as in the wonderful little scene with Eros (iv. 14.), to strangely intense imaginings of death.

No other figure is allowed to compete with these two. The entire political action, so far as they do not take part in it, falls palpably into the background, and its feuds and factions are outlined in low relief. Antony's doings in the Parthian wars are wholly omitted; his long sojourn in Rome becomes a brief visit. Of his two wives, Fulvia is only heard of as a troublesome thorn in his flesh, and Octavia's 'holy, cold, and still conversation' is denuded of charm for us as for Antony. He has an exquisite phrase for her stillness, as for everything else; but his marriage is purely diplomatic, even nominal, and it hardly needed the shrewdness of Enobarbus to foresee that 'the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity'¹ (ii. 6. 128). Octavius himself, the supreme force in the mechanical movement of the action, but, like his sister, unconcerned in its vital tragedy, is drawn, like his uncle in *Julius Cæsar*, with a cold and unsympathetic hand. In *Richard II.* Shakespeare had drawn a far more engaging portrait of the born ruler profiting by the fatuities of a brilliant child of impulse. The patriotic and political animus of the *Histories* allows the balance of interest to tremble between Bolingbroke and Richard, as it certainly does not between Cæsar and Antony. To the Shakespeare of 1607, engrossed with the pathology of genius, the mastery of the world by cool sagacity was of less interest than the loss of it

¹ He has 'Forborne the getting of a lawful race' (iii. 13. 107). Plutarch's Octavia for some years effectually replaces Cleopatra in Antony's love, bears

him several children, and succeeds in reconciling husband and brother when apparently on the verge of the conflict which actually broke out three years later.

Antony and Cleopatra

in a fine intoxication of passion and poetry. The conflict is drawn, too, with touches of the mystic fatalism which, through the medium of Plutarch, seems to have coloured Shakespeare's conception of the great catastrophes of the ancient world. Portents foreshadow Antony's fall as they had done Cæsar's; unearthly music is heard on the eve of the last battle: 'Tis the god Hercules,' say the soldiers, 'whom Antony loved, now leaves him' (iv. 3.). A soothsayer warns him to avoid Cæsar, for 'near him thy angel becomes a fear as being o'erpower'd'; and Shakespeare applied the phrase to Macbeth's subduing fear of Banquo. But Shakespeare has provided a new and significant augurer of his own. Of the character of Enobarbus he found nothing in Plutarch beyond the brief statement that, before Actium, he deserted to Cæsar, whereupon '*Antonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage, train, and men: and the same Domitius [Enobarbus], as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after.*' Enobarbus deserts only after the battle, when Antony's fortunes are desperate (iv. 5.); and his heart-broken remorse attests the passionate loyalty which Antony inspired in the men most keenly alive to his fatuities. Enobarbus had not fathomed Antony's generosity; but he had fathomed his weakness, and chronicles each stage of its advance with caustic precision. Like Menenius in *Coriolanus*, and the Fool in *Lea*r, he lays bare, under a guise of privileged plain-speaking, the hidden drift of events, and pricks bubbles of illusion which dazzle every one else. Cleopatra herself feels the sting of his disapproval, and condescends to expostulate with him—

Enobarbus.

Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit—

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only to receive the blunt rejoinder :—

Well, is it, is it ? .

With admirable tact Shakespeare makes this same Enobarbus the mouthpiece of the glowing description of Cleopatra's majestic voyage up the Cydnus to meet Antony. The magnificence which stirs his sober, analytic brain to this fervour of lyrical hyperbole, has its full effect upon us.¹ And the Aristophanic humour of the banquet on Pompey's galley (ii. 7.) derives its undertone of irony mainly from the two sardonic onlookers in the background : Enobarbus, arranging the masters of the world, hand in hand, in a tipsy Bacchanal; and Menas, only deterred by a drunkard's maudlin scruple from cutting the cable on which their lives and the fortunes of ancient civilisation depend.

¹ Dryden, with less than his usual literary instinct, gave the corresponding description in his *All for Love* to Antony. We naturally discount the lover's

enthusiasm. Cf. Mr. Wendell's excellent comparison of the two versions with Plutarch and with each other (*William Shakespeare*, p. 314).

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies,
the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come : 10
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd

8. *reneges* (disyllabic), re- virs. Antony ruled the eastern
nounces. provinces of the empire ; Octa-

12 *The triple pillar*, one of vius the western ; Lepidus
the three pillars, *i.e.* the trium- Italy.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Into a strumpet's fool · behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me : the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows 20
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, ' Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance ! nay, and most like :

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's I would say ?
both ?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*

16. *bourn*, boundary.

18. *Grates*, annoys, vexes.

28. *process*, mandate

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !
No messenger but thine ; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is, not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

39. *to weet*, to wit, to know.

45. *confound*, waste, consume.

58. *that great property, that peculiar greatness.*

6a. *approves, confirms.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

10

Enter ENOBARIUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

20

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and

widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

30

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names : pithee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

40

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

50

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

40 for a *witch*, i.e. as being a wizard, and hence privileged to utter home-truths. 55. *worky-day*, i.e. ordinary, mediocre.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though 70 thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make 80 me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

66. *Isis* divided with the other pantheon. To pose as a second Egyptian deity Osiris all the qualities and attributes which *Isis* was one of Cleopatra's affectations, belonged to the whole Roman

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On: 100
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—bath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;

92. *Fulvia thy wife*, Antony she joined with Antony's brother
was Fulvia's third husband; he Lucius against Augustus. She
divorced her in order to marry failed in all her intrigues, and
Cleopatra. Failing to incite finally died of a broken heart.
Augustus Cæsar against Antony,

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue :

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome ; 110
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news ! Speak there !

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such
an one ?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you ?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.

Ant. Forbear me,

[Exit Sec. Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

115. *earring*, ploughing.

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
 By revolution lowering, does become
 The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; 130
 The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
 I must from this enchanting queen break off:
 Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
 My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women: we
 see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they
 suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 140

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women
 die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing;
 though, between them and a great cause, they
 should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-
 ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly;
 I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer
 moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
 which commits some loving act upon her, she
 hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. 150

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made
 of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we
 cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears;
 they are greater storms and tempests than alma-
 nacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her;
 if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well
 as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a won-

129. *By revolution lowering,* time,
 decreasing with the passage of 147. *mettle,* vigour.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

derful piece of work ; which not to have been 160
blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia !

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that 170
when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat ; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached 180
here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius 190
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

191. dare, defiance,

* 280

Antony and Cleopatra

Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger : much is
 breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, 200
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what
 he does :

I did not send you : if you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[Exit Alexas.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

196. Of Pompey the Great's sons Oneus was killed at the battle of Munda, while Sextus, after fruitless attempts at supreme power, was defeated in a naval engagement by Octavius and Lepidus, and was finally executed by Antony's orders about 35 B C.
 198. *quality*, power.
 200. *the courser's hair* was popularly supposed to change to a 'horse-hair eel' if put in water. L.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

10

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted. *

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words : no going then ;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven : they are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst know

40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile ; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :

Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

50

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

36. *bent*, commonly used of the eyes' expression for *look*, here applied to the forehead. 35 *parts*, qualities essential to our whole being.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness : can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garboils she awaked ; at the last, best :

See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice. By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war 70

As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;

But let it be : I am quickly ill and well,

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her ;

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends ;

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become

61. *garboils*, disturbances.

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it ;

That you know well : something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

90

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;

Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword

Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success

100

Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou residing here go'st yet with me,

And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.

Away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,

LEPIDUS, and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

96. *becomings, graces.*

97. *Eye, appear.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Our great competitor : from Alexandria
This is the news : he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners : you shall
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20
With knaves that smell of sweat : say this becomes
him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

28. *Call call* to account.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less : 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind : many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modéna, where thou slew'st

39. *discontents*, discontented prime.

persons, malcontents.

45. *flag*, the common yellow
Iris.

52. *flush*, vigorous, in their

57. *Modéna* (for Ital.
'Módéna,' Lat. 'Mútina'), an
accentuation due to the analogy
of Veróna, and the like.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: and all this—
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly.
 Both what by sea and land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which ater,
 It is my business too. Fare 80
 If he fill'd

Lep. Farewell, my lord: low
 meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech his
 To let me be partaker. you

Cæs. Do t, sir;
 I knew it for my bond. ou, [*Exeunt.*

59. *whom*, i.e. *faul*.

SCENE V. *Alexandria, Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam,

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
 And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
 For so he calls me: now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison. Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,— 40
 This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
 'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

24. *burgonet*, a closely-fitting helmet.

33. *aspect*, glance.

48. *arm-gaunt*. The word has not been satisfactorily explained. Hanmer suggested 'arm-girt, Jackson 'war-gaunt,'

Lettsom 'rampaunt.' The context requires the horse to have been vigorous and high-spirited; the epithet may suggest this indirectly, the horse being 'lean from bearing arms' in battle, hence warlike.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? 50

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his, he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valliant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS,
in warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope sc
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

77. *several, separate.*

Antony and Cleopatra

Men.

From Silvius, sir,

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome
together,Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis

A space for further travel. 30

Pom.

I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership

Is twice the other twain: but let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men.

I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think, 40

Not moved by Antony.

Pom.

I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them all,

35. rear the higher our opinion, deem our reputation the
greater.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

'Twere pregnant they should square between
 themselves ;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our gods will have't ! It only stands 50
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE II. *Rome. The house of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

45. *square*, quarrel Cf 1 30, and *Much Ado*. i. 1.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, ii. 82.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
'Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

* *Cæs.* Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at, 30

If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world ; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

15. *compose*, settle differences

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised ? 40

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine
intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me ; but 51
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

43. *contestation*, contention, stigator.
quarrel.

44. *Was theme for you*, had (with the aid of any flimsy pre-
text that happens to be avail-
able).

46. *urge*, allege as his in-

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet : for that you must 70
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted : then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend, 80
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak :
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them :

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
 And then when poison'd hours had bound me up 90
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
 I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs between ye : to forget them quite 100
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
 for the instant, you may, when you hear no more
 words of Pompey, return it again : you shall
 have time to wrangle in when you have nothing
 else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost
 forgot. 110

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak
 no more.

Eno. Go to, then ; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech ; for 't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
 edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, 120
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 140
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace: and from this hour

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's : 160
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,*
and Lepidus.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by't in
Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this
true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we
had much more monstrous matter of feast, which
worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 200
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony ! 210

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands.
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, 220
Whistling to the air ; which, but 'for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary, pays his heart 230
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed :
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street ;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

211. *Nereides*, the nymphs of the sea who attended upon Neptune.

213. *made their bends adornings*, made the glances of their eyes, as they gazed on her, a means of added grace.

214. *tackle*, treated as a plural noun in the First Folio.

216 *yarely*, readily, handily.

230. *ordinary*, the public dinner at Elizabethan eating-houses.

That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Aggr. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.* 250]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them,*
and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
 lady.
Good night, sir.

245. *riggish*, wanton.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

14. *motion*, power of perception, understanding.

24. *when*, elliptical for the phrase 'at the time when I speak'

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
 He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
 And in our sports my better cunning faints
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius, 4c
 You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
 Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
 hasten
 Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
 My purposes do draw me much about:
 You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. } Sir, good success!

Agr. }

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 10

38. *in hoop'd*, enclosed in a hoop, so as to be compelled to fight.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho !

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let's to billiards : come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore : best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :
Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river : there, 10
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say ' Ah, ha ! you're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times !—
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn, 20
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;

Antony and Cleopatra

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes,

40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

23. sword *Philippan*, the he and Octavius overthrew
sword which Antony had used Brutus and Cassius.
at the battle of Philippi when 41. *formal*, ordinary.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

Rich pearls upon thee,

Mess. Madam, he's well,

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50

The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with
Cæsar,

In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
report;

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
 And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
 Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ; 70
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.
 What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.
 [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
 self :
 The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
 Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents ! Call the slave again :
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him : call. 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself ; since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?
 I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90
 If thou again say ' Yes.'

71. *boot*, give over and above.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A bistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

96. *Narcissus* was a beautiful youth of Boeotia, who killed himself from vexation at his inability to approach his own reflection in a fountain. His blood was changed into the flower which is still called after him.

103. *That art not what thou'rt sure of;* (with irony) that art innocent, forsooth, of offence, yet sure to offend!

Her inclination ; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*

Let him for ever go : let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

*Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side,
with drum and trumpet : at another, CÆSAR,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MÆCÆNAS,
with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Most meet

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

10

116. *Though he be painted, etc.* which represented different
The reference is probably to the things when seen from different
so-called 'Perspective' pictures, points of view.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen 20
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take 30
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

27-29 The house of the possession.
elder Pompey was in Antony's 39. targes, shields.

Pom. Know, then, 40
 I came before you here a man prepared
 To take this offer : but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience : though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,
 When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
 Your mother came to Sicily and did find
 Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
 And am well studied for a liberal thanks
 Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
 I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks
 to you,
 That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither ;
 For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
 There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
 What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
 But in my bosom shall she never come,
 To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed :
 I crave our composition may be written
 And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do. 60

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's
 Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first
 Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
 Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
 Grew fat with feasting there.

55. counts, reckonings, marks.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that : he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? 70

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now : how farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do, for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think,

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise 90
me ; though it cannot be denied what I have done
by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves ¹⁰⁰ kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. ¹¹⁰

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? ¹²⁰

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia ¹³⁰
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is : he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will ¹⁴⁰
you aboard ? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. *Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' tneir plants are ill-rooted already ; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more ;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

140. occasion, convenience.

7. pinch one another by the disposition, banteringly twit one another.

5. alms-drink, leavings.

Antony and Cleopatra

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 10

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARDUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your 30 crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that. 40

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy scat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once 50 out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang!
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for? 60

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad.
The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith,
What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man 70
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the
cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these com-
petitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, .
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany; 80
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! 90

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT II

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

*[Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off Lepidus.]*

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man;
see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it
were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels. ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time,

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! *[To Antony.]*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink? 110

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

100. *increase the reels*; perhaps, as Douce suggests, 'increase the revels.' But it is more natural to connect it with Enobarbus' direct proposal for a dance in his next speech (v. 110).

Eno. All take hands.
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music :
 The while I'll place you : then the boy shall sing ;
 The holding every man shall bear as loud
 As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them
 hand in hand.*]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
 In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd :
 Cup us, till the world go round,
 Cup us, till the world go round !

120

Cæs. What would you more ? Pompey, good
 night. Good brother,
 Let me request you off : our graver business
 Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part ;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarb
 Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue 130
 Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good
 night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
 You have my father's house,—But, what ? we are
 friends.

Come, down into the boat.

118. *holding*, burden.

122. *fats*, vats. The latter
 word is a southern dialectal form
 which has extruded the former,
 probably owing to the long

connexion of the hops and
 brewing industry with Kent.

132 *Antick'd us*, made us
 buffoons.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums ! these trumpets, flutes ! what !

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell.

To these great fellows : sound and be hang'd,
sound out ! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.* 140]

Eno. Hoo ! says a'. There's my cap.

Men. Hoo ! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers ; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,

4. *Orodes*, the king of Parthia, He ruled the province of Syria.
" *Pacorus*' father. " " He had been routed, taken

5. *Marcus Crassus*. " " Crassus, prisoner, and put to death by
with Pompey and Cæsar, had the forces of Orodes, the Parthian
formed the First Triumvirate. king.

Mesopotamia, and the shelleys whither
 The routed fly : so thy giand captain Antony
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
 Put garlands on thy head.

10

Ven.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough ; a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : for learn this, Silius ;
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 20

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

Sil.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,

Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to

Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

30

That magical word of war, we have effected ;

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil.

Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither, with
 what haste

The weight we must convey with 's will permit,

We shall appear before him. On, there ; pass
 along !

[Exeunt.]

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in
Cæsar's house.*

Enter AGRIPPA *at one door*, ENOBARBUS
at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-
pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar:' go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

6. *green sickness*, a disease love of Cæsar and Antony L.
indicated by a green, livid 12. *Arabian bird*, the Phoenix.
appearance, and incident to 16, 17. *hearts, tongues*, etc.;
maiden in love. Lepidus, it is a parody of the so-called 're-
insinuated, is languishing for porting sonnet.' L.

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho !
 His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
 Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So ; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ;
 Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
 band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us as the cément of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
 The fortress of it ; for better might we
 Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
 We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well :
 The elements be kind to thee, and make 40

20. *shards*, the scaly wing-cases of the beetle.

26. *band*, bond, guarantee.

28. *piece*, paragon.

32. *mean*, medium, mediator.

35. *Though you be therein curious*, however closely you may scrutinise my conduct.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother !

Ant. The April 's in her eyes : it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;
and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia ?

Oct. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

50

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that,
were he a horse ;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was
troubled with a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

60

Ant. Come, sir, come ;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs.

Adieu ; be happy !

58. *confound*, destroy.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewell, farewell ! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have : but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it ? Come
* thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia ?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where ?

Mess. Madam, in Rome ;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? is she shrill-tongued
or low ?

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark 30

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : go make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepared. 40
[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian :
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable impórt, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and
read it
To public ear :
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

46. *defend*, forbid.

9. *hint*, occasion.

10 *from his teeth*, merely
with his lips, as a form.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Oct. O my good lord, 10
 Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts :
 The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband !'
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 'O, bless my brother !' Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself : better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between's : the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother : make your soonest haste ;
 So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord. x
 The Jove of power make me, most weak, most
 weak,
 Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
 Choose your own company, and command what
 cost
 Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

27. stain, eclipse.

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of 10 letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!' And threats the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught: But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

14. *Then, world, thou hast;* thou hadst.
so Hammer for Ff 'Then would 14. *chaps, jaws.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this,
and more,
In Alexandria : here 's the manner of 't :
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned : at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
Already, will their 'good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now re-
ceived
His accusations.

6. *my father's son*, i.e. the son Cæsar, and Cleopatra.
of his adoptive father, Julius 20. *queasy with*, disgusted with.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored : lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change : for what I have
conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway ! 40

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not ; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

23. *Who* for whom is idiomatic in Elizabethan English.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Raised by your populous troops : but you are come 50
 A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unloved : we should have met you
 By sea and land ; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
 On my free will My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
 My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
 empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war : he hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king 70
 Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
 King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
 Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither :

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led, 80
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities ;
 But let determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way Welcome to Rome ;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady. 90

Mec. Welcome, dear madam
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off ;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
 Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these
 wars,
 And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

86. *abused, misused.*

3. *forspoke, gainsaid.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should
not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say? 10

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. 20
Here comes the emperor

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomeed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

5. *denounced*, declared, *i.e.* war. 25. *admired*, wondered at.

Cleo. By sea ! what else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't. 30

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd ;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 40
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of ~~war~~-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;

39. *yare*, readily handled ; hence light.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible ;

Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship : 60
Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier !

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a'-ducking we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well ; away !

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't : so our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea .
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Reguiled all spies.

69 *his whole action grows,* strength.
etc. ; his plans have been formed 77. *distractions,* detach-
without regard to his military ments.

Antony and Cleopatra

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

80

Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throes forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army,
marching.*

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the
hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle, from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

CANIDIUS *marsheth with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

6. *cantle*, piece, share.

9. *token'd*, spotted. A particular eruption which, in cases of plague, always indicated that the victim would die, was known as 'God's token.'

10. *ribaudred*, probably 'ribald,' 'wanton.' But no

satisfactory account can be given of this word, which occurs nowhere else. 'Riband-red' and 'ribanded' (L.) (= decked with streamers) are excellent emendations as regards the sense, but give a very questionable metre.

Antony and Cleopatra

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard, 20
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before.
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own !

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ?
Why, then, good night indeed. 30

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse : six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

14. *breeze*, the gadfly, occurs insect.

in the Teutonic languages
under varying but similar forms,
all imitative of the sound of the

18. *loof'd*, brought close to
the wind.

20. *mallard*, a wild drake.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more
upon 't ;
It is ashamed to bear me ! Friends, come hither :
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever : I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed
cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be
gone ;

I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you ; be gone : 10
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone : you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway : 20
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you : I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

3. *lated, belated.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS :
EROS following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! why, what else !

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

30

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam !

Iras. Madam, O good empress !

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me : O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches :
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

37, 38. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, took the field by deputy.
Act V.

39 Dealt on lieutenantry, 52. convey, carry.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. 60

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune
knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

69. *rates*, amounts to.

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster :
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
 I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea,

Cæs. Be't so : declare thine office. 10

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
 He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens : this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen 20
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there : this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time :
 dispatch ;

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
 And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
 From thine invention, offers : women are not

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure 30
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question : 'twas a shame no less 20
Than was his loss, to' course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

34. *becomes his flaw*, adapts
himself to the collapse of his
fortunes

8. *nick'd*, properly cut in
notches ; here 'curtailed.'

10. *mered*, sole, only Antony
being the only cause of the war.
Rowe read *meer*, Johnson
mooted.

11. *course*, chase.

Antony and Cleopatra

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose 20
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon

As 'i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declined, sword against sword,

Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.]

Eno. [Aside] Yes, like enough, high-battled
Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show, 30
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are

A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

26. *comparisons*, advantages; 27. *declined*, in my fallen
the elements in the situation condition.
which become apparent when I
am compared with him. 30. *happiness*, good fortune.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Answer his emptiness ! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ? See, my
women,

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[Exit Attendant.]

Eno. *[Aside]* Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends : say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50
Will leap to be his friend : for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he

39. *blown** overblown, and no longer fragrant. L.

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right : mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please
him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this : in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARRUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders !
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there ! Ah, you kite ! Now,
gods and devils !
Authority melts from me : of late, when I cried
' Ho !'

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry ' Your will ? ' Have you no ears ? I am
Antony yet.

90

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra ? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

100

Thyr. Mark Antony !—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again : this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.]

91. muss, a scramble among boys for nuts or coins.

You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha !
 Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abused
 By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever : 110
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
 O misery on't !—the wise gods seel our eyes ;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgements ; make
 us

Adore our errors ; laugh at 's, while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a moisel cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure, 120
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say 'God quit you !' be familiar with
 My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal
 And plighter of high hearts ! O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
 The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130
 For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd ?

109. *feeders*, parasites.

falconry

112. *seel*, blindfold (a term of

131. *yare*, prompt

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT III

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence-
forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say 140
He makes me angry with him ; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150
As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone ! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,

157. *points*, the laces which supported the hose.

And poison it in the source ; and the first stone 160
 Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant.

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too 170
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-
 like.

Where hast thou been, my heart ? Dost thou
 hear, lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
 Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
 All my sad captains ; fill our bowls once more ;
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo.

21

It is my birth-day :

I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my
 lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

162. *Cæsarion smite* ; Han-
 mer's correction for Ff 'C.smile.'

163. *discandying*, thawing.
 183. *gaudy*, festive.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night

I'll force

190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,

I'll make death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

200

Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with his
Army; CÆSAR reading a letter.*

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die; meantime

Laugh at his challenge.

197. *estridge, ostrich.*

Mec. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction : never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads 10
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight : within our files there are,
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done :
 And feast the army ; we have store to do 't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
 CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
 fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said ; come on.
 Call forth my household servants : let's to-night
 Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10

9. *boot, profit.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Thou hast been rightly honest,—so hast thou ;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have served
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd
tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ; 20
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean ?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

May be it is the period of your duty :
Haply you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !

25. *period, close.*

33. *yield, repay.*

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
 friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you ⁴⁰
 To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is
 the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you
 well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good
 night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night. ¹⁰

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
 [*They place themselves in every corner of
 the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope ²⁰
 Our landmen will stand up.

Thurd Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
 And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*]

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [*Speaking together*] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is't not strange? 20

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY ^{*}*and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,
and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

¹⁵ signs, forebodes.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come ; mine armour,
Eros !

Enter EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her : come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What 's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart : false, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well :
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow ?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou : dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,

2. *chuck*, a variant of 'chick,'
used as a term of endear-
ment.

3. *iron*, weapon.

13. *daff*, doff.

15. *tight*, quick, alert.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable [*Kisses her.* 30
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and
Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

32. *mechanic, commonplace.*

Antony and Cleopatra

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENO-
BARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:

17. *Dispatch.* Enobarbus! Enobarbus!; F₂ 'Dispatch
So Steevens. F₁ has 'Dispatch, Eros.'

ACT IV

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar, And leave his master Antony: for this pains Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest That fell away have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill; Of which I do accuse myself so sorely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enocharbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : the messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true : best you safed the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30

6. ** three-nook'd*, three-cornered; the Roman world being conceived as the triangle formed by its three seats of sovereignty.
26. *safe'd*, gave safe-conduct to

And feel I am so most. O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
 heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I
 feel.

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
 Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
 and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

*Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS
 wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have
 yet
 Room for six scotches more.

10

34. *blows*, swells with emotion.

35 *mean*, instrument.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, in a march; SCARUS, with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me
thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,

a. gests, feats. So Warburton for *ff ' guests.*

Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou
 day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing !

Cleo. Lord of lords !
 O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl !
 though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
 yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand :
 Kiss it, my warrior : he hath fought to-day
 As if a god in hate of mankind had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand :
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
 them :

Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together,
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
 together,

Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : the night
Is shiny ; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —

Third Sold. What man is this ?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

First Sold. Enobarbus !

Third Sold. Peace ! 10
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me ; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive :
O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

5. *shrewd*, bad.

Sec. Sold. Let's speak
 To him.
First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he
 speaks
 May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
 as his
 Was never yet for sleep.
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.
 [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums 30
 Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.
Third Sold. Come on, then;
 He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;
 We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city
 Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven . . .
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

30 raught, reached,

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine
does stand,

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell ; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou

13. *Triple-turn'd*, as having to Cæsar, Antony, and Octa-
given her favours successively *vius*,

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly ; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this ? The hearts 20
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home ;
 Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros, Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt. 30

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails.

[*Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
 If it be well to live ; but better 'twere 40
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

37. *diminutives*, insignificant creatures.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Might have prevented many. Eros, ho !
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ,
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
 club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and
 I fall
 Under this plot ; she dies for 't. Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument !
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are
 dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting

43. *shirt of Nessus*, the en-
 venomed shirt presented to
 Hercules by the Centaur Nessus,
 which drove the hero into
 paroxysms of agonised fury,
 and finally caused his death.
 Alcides was a title of Hercules ;
 Antony claimed descent from
 him, and is sometimes repre-
 sented in his garb.

45. *Lichas*, the servant who
 carried the shirt to Hercules.
 He was flung into the Euboean
 Sea by his master, and changed

by the gods into a rock.

2. *Telamon* was shield-bearer
 to Hercules when the latter
 destroyed Troy.

2. *the boar of Thessaly*, the
 Calydonian boar, sent by Diana
 to ravage the territory of Ceneus,
 king of Etolia, who had been
 remiss in sacrifice. The boar
 was at last slain by Meleager,
 the son of Ceneus.

3. *emboss'd*, foaming at the
 mouth, infuriated.

Than greatness going off.

Cleo.

To the monument !

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;

Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'

And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian.

And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.*]

[Exempt. 10

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros.

Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these
signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't

10. *rack*, floating vapour.

ACT IV

20

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady !

Mar.

1726

30

Ant.

Dead, then?

Mar.

Dead.

45

[Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture : since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther : now all labour
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me : 50
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
 hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
 back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come,—which now
 Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me : do't, the time is
 come :

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant.

Eros,

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble counte-
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the
sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

73. pleach'd, folded.

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record : but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then ; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar : to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,
make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.* 110

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear

120

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead ;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed : call my guard, I
prithce.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard ! The
guard, what, ho !

Come, your lord calls !

130

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may
not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft : carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

140

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ! is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument ;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in ! darkling
stand 10
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
help ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until

10. darkling, in the dark.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT IV

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up : 30
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed ! How heavy weighs
my lord !
Our strength is all gone into heaviness ;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's
power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee 'by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come ;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]
And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast lived :
Quickened with kissing : had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight ! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :

25 *brooch'd*, adorned.

29. *Demuring*, looking with mock modesty.

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

50

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ? O, see, my women,

60

[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord !

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras !

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares. It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
 mian!
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

*[Exeunt; those above bearing off
 Antony's body.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council
 of war.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks

75. *chares*, turns of work, 'jobs'

Antony and Cleopatra

The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest

Appear thus to us?

Der.

I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

10

Cæs.

What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make

} A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der.

He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

20

Cæs.

Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr.

And strange it is,

Antony and Cleopatra, ACT V

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours 30
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : but yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season :
The business of this man looks out of him ; 50
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you ?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,
) Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself

30. *persisted*, persisted in, persistent, .

To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyt. So the gods preserve thee ! [Exit. 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.]
Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ?

All. Dolabella ! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monu-
ment.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave.
A minister of her will : and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need : let me report to him
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30

A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised :
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard
ascend the monument by a ladder placed
against a window, and, having descend-
ed, come behind Cleopatra. Some of
the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till
Cæsar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50

42. *languish*, lingering disease.

48. *temperance*, moderation.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

60

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall
please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony :
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein
stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted

80

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertyed

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping : his delights

Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above

The element they lived in : in his livery

90

Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra !

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such
a man

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,

83. *propertyed as all the tuned spheres*, harmonious as the spheres. For the Platonic doctrine of the harmony of the spheres cf. the *Timæus*, §§ 37 *et seq.* : 'The body of heaven is visible, but the soul is invisible, and partakes of reason and

harmony' (Jowett's translation), cf. note to *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 63-65.

85. *quail*, make tremble.

87. *an autumn 'twas*. So Theobald† for Ff 'an Anthony it was.'

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know't.

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there :
Cæsar !'* 110

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

99. *piece*, masterpiece.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, 120
 I cannot project mine own cause so well
 To make it clear ; but do confess I have
 Been laden with like frailties which before
 Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
 A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis
 yours ; and we,
 Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
 lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
 jewels,
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued,
 Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus ? 140

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him speak, my
 lord,
 Upon his peril, that I have reserved
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
 I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril;
 Speak that which is not.

121. *project*, shape.

which gives an easier sense ; but

140. *admitted*, registered. Cleopatra means . ' omitting
 Theobald suggested 'omitted,' trifles only.' L,

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee,
go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,

163. *Parcel*, specify.

166. *Immement*, trifling.

174. *my chance*, my fallen
fortunes.

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
ledged,

180

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so. Adieu. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself : but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo.

Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria

200

Intends his journey, and within three days

You with your children will he send before:

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

210

Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

220

I' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

210. *greasy aprons*, etc. Cf. bald head), mangy.

Julius Cæsar, i. i. 4, 5.

220. *boy*; women's parts

215. *scald* (with a peeled or being always played by boys.

Iras. I'll never see 't ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian !
Show me, my women, like a queen : go fetch
My best attires : I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony : sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed, 230
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ?

[Exit Iras. A noise within.]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. *[Exit Guardsman.]*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon 240
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guardsman.]*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly, I have him : but I would not

Antony and Cleopatra

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be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I²⁵⁰ heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

260

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray²⁷⁰ you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

258. *fallible*, for 'infallible.'

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

280

Clown. Yes, forsooth : I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ;

I have

Immortal longings in me : now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come ; 290

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life. So ; have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian ; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

300

It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I

may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo.

This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*

306. mortal, deadly.

ACT V

310

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Char. O, break ! O, break !

[Applying another asp to her arm.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

320

First Guard. Where is the queen?

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

[Applies an asp.]

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;
call him.

First Guard. What work is here ! Charmian, is this well done ?

307. *intrinsicate*, probably
for 'intricate.'

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[*Dies.* 330

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar !'

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths ? 340
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood and
spake :

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 350

339. *levell'd at*, guessed.

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT V

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail : and these
fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument : 360
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt*

362. *clip*, embrace.

END OF VOL. IX

